

McClary's Wireless

September
Nineteen
twenty-two

Number 6

Volume XIV



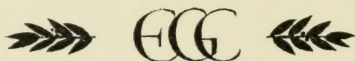
WHEN the days are long, get ready to
file off the ball and chain. Wait until
the asters are blooming, and then, no
matter where you are, go somewhere else.
Only an oyster remains forever at the old homestead.
—George Ade.



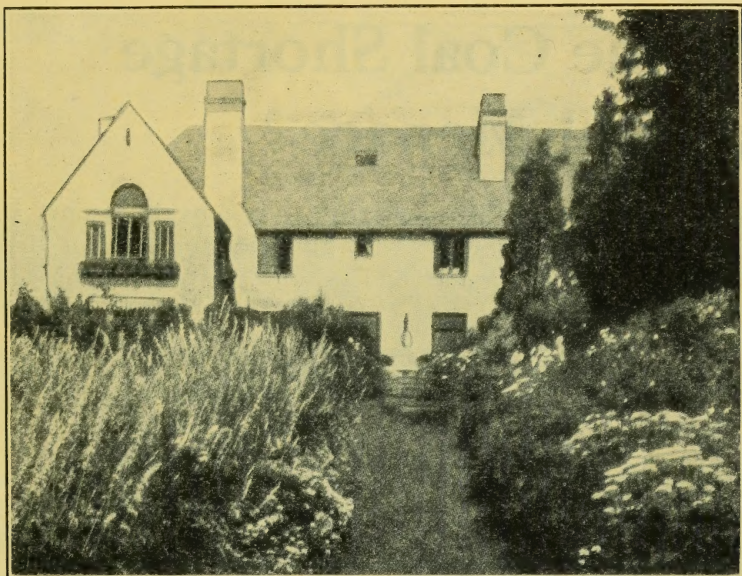
DOUGLAS LIBRARY

QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY
AT KINGSTON
Presented by

Mr. & Mrs. John C. Bonham,
Sillsville, Ont., June, 1967
KINGSTON ONTARIO CANADA



*Purchased for the Lorne Pierce Collection
at Queen's University on the
Edith Chown Pierce Trust*



HOME



H, it's home, dearie, home, that my heart
turns to forever—

A little house, a bit of green, upon a quiet
street;

White curtains at the windows, and a red bloom peer-
ing outward;

And the clicking o' the kitchen tiles to my own
happy feet.

Ah, it's home, dearie, home, and the singing o' the
kittle,

And a table spread at evening time awaiting there
for you—

The early lamp all lighted, and the fire burning
cheery—

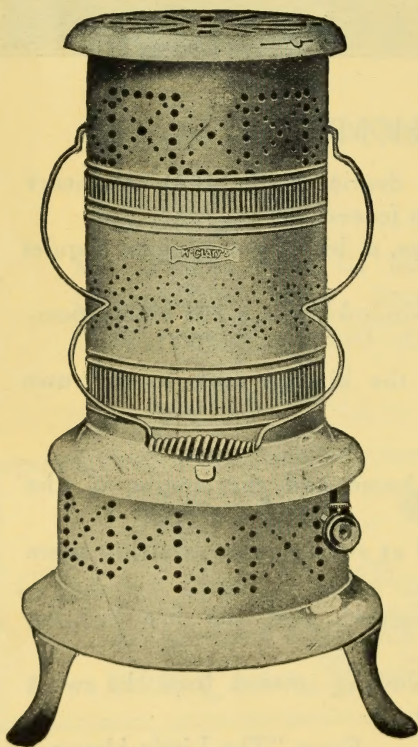
And a soft wind blowing inward from the sweet
world wet o' dew.

From "The Little House,"
by Grace Nell Crowell in "Contemporary Verse."

Is the Coal Shortage a Real Menace?

So some people will say who do not provide against it. They may sit and wait for something to turn up, but that won't bring them comfort and warmth. Everyone this fall is a live prospect for

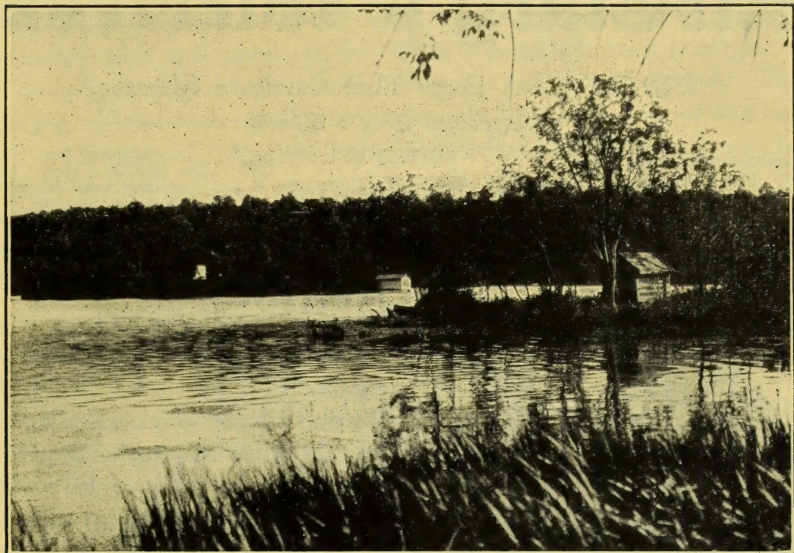
McClary's "Famous" Oil Heater



Here is a golden opportunity with a good economical substitute for coal. Even if the "Famous" isn't ambitious enough to try and compete with the Warm Air Furnace, it can give heat by the roomful, and that will be vastly appreciated when winter actually arrives.

Display two or three of these Heaters in your window, put attractive signs up calling attention to them and how they will help this Fall and Winter. Do not stampede people on the coal shortage, but advertise judicious hints about the comfort of the handy substitute.

McClary's
"Famous" Oil Heater



McCLARYGRAMS



HE canoeing is always fine—till one comes to the portage.

Some men are born ingrates; others achieve that state; and between these, most of us have ingratitude thrust upon us.

The only sufficient excuse a man may have for not looking on the right side is that he preferred to look on the bright side.

Impatient people can't wait for their plans to grow to maturity, so they try to stretch them—often merely with the result that they pull them up by the roots.

I have always disliked that picture of mankind as the helpless victim of the buffetings of circumstance. Maybe it's true. But myself, when I get caught in the rain I calculate it's mostly because I hadn't sense or grit enough to carry an umbrella.

McClary's Wireless

"WIRELESS—A Force That Carries a Message."

Despatched Once a Month

Subscription Price:
Just a Plain
Everyday Request

EDITED BY
MARGARET S. WADE

Published by
The McClary Mfg. Co.,
at their head office
London, Ontario

VOL. XIV.

SEPTEMBER, 1922

No. 6

AU REVOIR MISS MARGARET WADE



Miss Margaret S. Wade



HILE the bulk of the literary composition in this issue of the Wireless is the work and inspiration of Miss Margaret Wade, in person she is no longer with us. But while she will not be watching so closely as hitherto the destinies of this little house magazine, she will however, still continue to be its chief contributor.

Miss Margaret Wade has been identified with Wireless since its inception. As Editor, she, in its more modest form of the early days, supervised its general activities and solicited contributions. Except for a brief break in the early part of 1913, Miss Wade has loyally continued the onerous duties of Editor until the present issue. Wireless has been part of her life, for during the past few years, it has reflected her personality as most of its matter has been her own creation.

The development of this monthly message has been of interest to all its friends. Those who have known it since the early days when it wavered between hope and despair, have marvelled at the development of its literary contents and the unique personality it began to portray. For Miss Wade has not been content to permit Wireless to out grow its appeal or lose its effectiveness through repetition. To the observing reader and the loyal friends of Wireless and of the Company, it has been a source of constant satisfaction to delve into each succeeding month's issue and appreciate the growing literary talent of its Editor. Her Editorials and articles showed a breadth of knowledge and a grasp of the fundamentals of human existence far beyond the average.

While Wireless is not to lose Miss Wade in the partial severance of her relations with it, it will to a certain extent lose some part of her inspiration and personality. This is something we must accept, yet conscious of the fact that Wireless has lost a true friend. These changes which break up at short intervals the continuity of our existence are regretted. But we know that Miss Wade's talent, her high character and brilliant personality will be vastly appreciated with the new circle of friends she passes into, and what is our present loss will be some others gain.

Miss Wade leaves a wide circle of friends in London. She left for Windsor, Ontario, on the fifteenth of August to assume charge of the new Branch of The United Bond Company, a large organization operating in the United States.

Wireless will still continue its friendly visits month by month. Receive it as you would an old friend, with sympathy and understanding.

A PLACE TO LIVE



T seems to be one of the most human and universal of traits that one should be continually gazing longingly toward some far-off green hill or the rich pastures that stretch so alluringly just outside the peepholes of those enclosures that hold him where he is.

Now for ourself, we have long harbored the fond delusion that we wanted to live somewhere else. Just where, we have never been decided, having never been anywhere much. But the things people told us—or perhaps that we merely imagined—about far-off places have always made them seem so seductively attractive!

Some of our friends, for instance, sent us postal cards from California—pictures of riotous, colorful sunken gardens, or an orange orchard with a background of snow-capped mountain, or crowds surf-bathing on Christmas day—you know the kind. And we entertained vague but poignant longings to live in California—till somebody told us about a sand-storm he had once experienced there, and another somebody told us about ants and spiders and things.

Then for a time we gazed at pictures of, and dreamed about, Bermuda; until somebody told us of the every-afternoon rain which, in that climate, would make a northerner feel himself a sort of human potato in perpetual process of being steamed for dinner.

So then we turned our long-distance attention to Oregon, in connection with which they had told us about rose hedges and splendid big farms, and a winter of rain—which we love—instead of frost

and snows. Until a man who had lived there a while explained that it was no place for middle-class working persons like he and I; that to be happy there one needed to be either a quasi-millionaire or a dock-walloper.

There it is, you see: every place has some drawback. If it isn't a need of being in the moneyed class to enjoy it, why it's ants in the sugar-bowl.

So after many years we have come to the conclusion that there's just one place to live, which a person can be sure is going to suit him perfectly. And he can be sure of this for the very good reason that this one place he can make just what he will—his own mind.

True, outward conditions have their unavoidable effect upon us—those general conditions of environment made up of scene and climate and society and intellectual atmosphere. But after all, any observant person has seen so many people situated in the most delightful of surroundings, develop into dissatisfied, fault-finding boors; has seen so many others endure with unalterable courage and cheerfulness the disadvantages of poverty and loneliness and unhappiness; has seen enough of the strong white lillies of human character grow out of the dunghills of slum and street and wharf, that he has to admit that these outside influences, no matter how they may either caress or vex the mere physical, need not, unless the will permits it, go farther than that and effect the mind and soul.

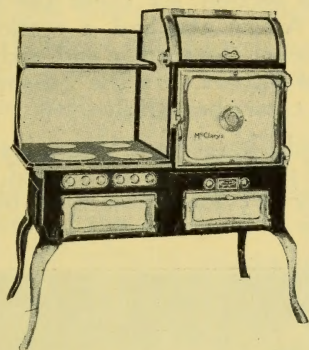
And these latter are, or ought to be, where we really live.

All right, then; let's move. Let us move out of this way-station or vestibule of mere wishing into a new home of the mind, a house whose foundation is God and whose strong walls are those of Truth. With that beginning, we may enlarge and furnish and adorn as we will; we may have endless reception rooms of tolerance, and kindness and friendship; we may have such wonderful galleries and libraries and music rooms of all that we are able to assimilate of the stores of beauty of color and word and sound that the world has been accumulating for centuries; we may have gardens of wholesome recreation; we shall, undoubtedly if we are wise, have a play room of humor.

Then what matter if there be slush underfoot and an east wind about our ears and smoke coming down instead of going up the chimney? We shall have the welcoming approach, the lovely interiors, the swept and brightly kindled hearths of our own mind, where we may find unfailing peace, strength and diversion.

A wonderful place to live.!

The Value of Electricity To You



rests solely in the equipment you sell. Newspaper talk and direct-by-mail advertising is good stuff but its your direct personal contact with the prospect that clinches the business and brings home the profit.

Have something real to talk about with

McClary's Electric Range

You cannot overtalk McClary's Protected Element. Its the big bright selling feature that is making thousands really appreciate electric cookery at its true value. This is the element that lasts. It is not fitful or subject to climatic conditions—it is safe from the injurious effects of moisture or grease that do come in contact with the cooking surface of every range.

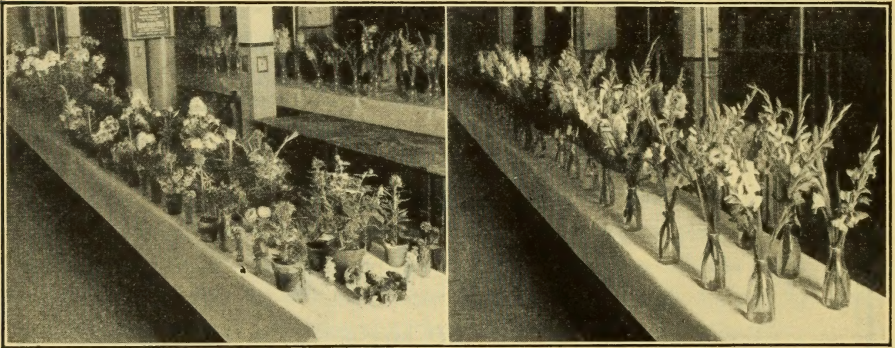
McClary's Protected Element, the original and genuine, functions correctly, gives minimum trouble and satisfies the buyer. Enthuse over it yourself, it is worth it. Make the prospect feel that, like us, you are proud of this wonderful element. It has proved a mighty big factor in making sales.

There is too, the round cornered, seamless, enameled oven and many other features. Business should be good this fall, but it will be a great deal better if you go after it properly.

OUR FLOWER SHOW

A very successful Flower Show was held in the York Street dining-room on Tuesday evening, August 15th. The exhibits were all the product of the employees' home gardens. The variety and profusion of bloom was a revelation to the large crowd that attended. Interest centred mainly in the Gladiolus section, for there the competition was keenest. Sweet Peas and Asters also had a section of their own. In spite of being a little late for the former and early for the latter, there were a large number of entries. In the Seasonable Bloom class, the variety was great and colors beautiful.

The next show is to be a combined Flower and Vegetable Exhibition during Fair week, to which the public are to be invited, and it is expected that this will surpass any previous show held by the Employees' Welfare Association.



The following are the names of prize winners:

Section 1—Display of Seasonable Blooms.

First Prize—S. J. Kenny Second Prize—W. Calver Third Prize—C. Mawson

Section 2—Display of Gladioli (not to exceed 12 spikes)
4 vases any variety.

First Prize—A. Suter Second Prize—F. J. Delaney Third Prize—S. L. Gunn

Section 3—Best Display of Gladioli (12 spikes, 4 varieties,
3 of each)

First Prize—S. J. Kenny Second Prize—A. Suter Third Prize—F. H. Westbury

Section 4—Display of Sweet Peas (6 varieties, 12 of each)

First Prize—J. Wakerall

Section 6—Display of Asters, (4 varieties, 3 of each)

First Prize—C. Mawson

Section 7—Best Display of Asters.

First Prize—S. L. Gunn Second Prize—A. E. Dunn Third Prize—C. Mawson

C. Mawson was the winner of the Sweep-stake for points, the prize being a Boston Fern.

Other exhibitors were: W. B. Pope, E. Brand, Chas. Phillips, Geo. Moll, Mrs. M. Bowyer and Mrs. R. McDonald.

HEDGES—OR NOT?



SOMETIMES we have pondered on the difference in the attitude of English and American, nowhere illustrated more clearly than in the surroundings of the ordinary home—in England the peaceful quiet and exclusiveness that abides in old, hedged gardens; in America, long stretches of smooth, green lawns, with never a mark to show where one ends and another begins.

One has the charm that we associate with home life—its gentle pleasures, its boundless affection, its sure sympathy and healing of the hurts of the world. The other symbolizes the newer community spirit—the splendid expansiveness of general good-fellowship, co-operation, and unqualified candor. The one is a retreat; the other a friendly meeting-ground.

And between these two it would be difficult to choose. One could scarcely say, with assurance, which were the better part.

Perhaps there is no choice between them—only a choice now inclining to one and now to the other, influenced by the way they are either used or abused by individual family units.

There is a new belief struggling into growth, that when hedges are done away with, suspicion and animosities and misunderstandings will go as a matter of course. We hope it may be true. But in the meantime, though the one who inclines to hedges may grow unfriendly and selfish and narrow, the one who is for community enjoyment of mutual possessions may grow indifferent in his care of them, or even greedy or destructive of those things that others own and maintain. The first may harm himself; but the second harms others, and sows discord and the primal seeds of war.

There, to us, seems the answer. For so long as there are those people in the world who will overrun and wilfully destroy such things that are not their own possessions—and there are such people; so long as there are those who, lacking the restraint of walls and gateways, do not hesitate to intrude upon the privacy and rights of others; so long as we have among us unregenerate selfishness and covetousness and avarice, just so long shall we feel a need of seeking sacred hours of peace and exaltation we need within enclosed spaces; so long shall we incline to set the shrine that home is to most of us, within the quiet, shadowed seclusion of green hedges.



HAMILTON AND DISTRICT VISITORS.

D. K. Clarke, Hamilton; W. H. Rewbury, Rewbury & Ross, Hamilton; B. Price, Price's Hardware, Hamilton; Hugh Munroe, Munroe & Zazvit, Niagara Falls; W. S. Richardson, J. F. Richardson & Son, Grimsby; Wm. M. Keri, Keri's Hardware, Dundas; H. M. Shildrick, Hagersville; W. J. Hawley, Fort Erie; A. T. Smith, Smith & Swazze, Niagara Falls; H. A. Bald Co., St. Catharines; H. Brooks, Hamilton Branch; John Wingor, Selkirk; J. R. Martinson, Rawlins & Martinson, Pt. Colborne; C. P. Montgomery, Caledonia; C. Broadbent, Hamilton; W. McDonald, B. Dairs, Cayuga; Jas. A. Wray, Wray's Hardware, Grimsby; John W. Dixon, Hamilton Branch; S. C. Barton, Hamilton Branch; J. H. Sandham, J. H. Sandham Company, Niagara Falls.

DEALERS' CONVENTION

TWO important conventions have been held recently at London. On Tuesday and Wednesday, August 15th and 16th, McCLARY'S dealers in Hamilton and district visited our two Factories and spent, we believe, a very profitable and enjoyable time going through our two large plants. The first day was devoted to our Tinware and Enameled Ware products and the second day to a fairly exhaustive study of the processes of Range and Furnace Building. Short talks and illustrated lectures were given by Mr. J. M. Gunn, Mr. J. J. Foot, Mr. J. K. H. Pope, Mr. D. G. Clark and Mr. F. H. Westbury. Others of our staff joined in endeavouring to provide an entertaining and instructive experience for our guests. On the following week a number of our dealers from Toronto District accompanied by Mr. M. F. Irwin, our Branch Manager, followed practically the same program and all agreed that their visit was well worth while.



TORONTO AND DISTRICT VISITORS.

Jack Cooper, Russell Hardware Co.; John Clements, The T. Eaton Co.; F. W. Moore, Moore's Hardware; E. H. Emmett, McClary Manufacturing Co.; R. W. Cameron, Johnston Furniture Co.; C. Spragge, R. A. McMillin, McMillin & Costain; C. Roy Lapiere, R. B. Parker, Parker & Ryan; W. O. Prichard, Prichard's Hardware; J. M. Boyd, Boyd Hardware; Samuel Hobbs, Saml. Hobbs Hardware; D. W. Kennedy, D. W. Kennedy & Son; P. E. Woods, Woods Bros., all of Toronto

The Quality's Right Is the Selling Right?



How are heater prospects in your district? Do you know how your customers are situated for the Fall and Winter? Some of them must have worn-out Heaters, and others would like to branch out into something bigger and better. They need a little persuading. Show them our

Tortoise Heater

in the three different styles. Make them appreciate the sturdy lines, their labor-saving features, and their neat appearance. For actual heating ability on low consumption of fuel our Tortoise is hard to beat. Its range of appeal is wide. Excellent for the small cottage or for larger houses where auxiliary heating is required. The combination heater and cook stove is highly recommended for homes where space is at a premium. In outlying shacks where any company of men are congregated, sell the Tortoise Heater.

Have you one on your floor to show them?



Old Fortune Stove

TOLD BY THE MAN WHO OWNS IT



HROUGH the special interest displayed in it by the man who owns it, Mr. James Goulet, of Merlin, Ontario, we have found the cook stove that would seem to be the great-grand-daddy of them all. This is an old "Fortune" stove, which after nearly sixty years of unfaltering usefulness, is still plugging along at its daily task, in the same old spot, and even yet earns from those who use it—and these, now, are not biased friends of long standing, but employed cooks, constantly going and coming, as is their fashion—earns even from these, we say, the commendation "an excellent stove for baking and cooking."

Here, then, is a sturdy old veteran that seeks no retirement from service; that asks no years of leisurely going after the pressing activities and burdens of early and mid-life; that will not succumb to the defeat of age and the final ignominious quiet of the junkpile!

However, let Mr. Goulet's letters tell the story,—the first one written to ask information of us regarding the age of his stove, and his second to give to us the information which has so interested us about its remarkable period of service

"I have in my home a "Fortune" stove. This stove was manufactured by you, I believe. On its hearth is "No. 9, J. & O. McClary, London, C.W." There is no date to be found on it any place. How long it has been in use I am unable to state. I am 55 years of age, and this stove was purchased by my father before I was born. It has been in constant use ever since the date of its purchase by my father, and is in good condition at this date. I have employed many cooks, and many of them have remarked that it was such an excellent stove for baking and cooking.

"I am writing you to see if you could give me any information about the year it was manufactured. It certainly would make a great exhibit, illustrating the durability of McClary's stoves. Often strangers coming into my home remark that they never saw a stove like it before.

"Any information you could give me regarding the age of the stove will be thankfully received."

"As I wrote in my letter, I am 55 years of age, and I know this stove was in our home before I was born. It is the only cook stove my father and mother ever bought. They were married on June 20th, 1863—(fifty-nine years ago). No doubt this stove was purchased not long after that date.

"True, it has had the best of care, and it has been where it now stands for at least 40 years. I often spoke about getting a more modern stove, but my mother would never consent, for she had become used to the old stove and liked it for its elevated oven.

"My mother died about ten years ago. Shortly after, we commenced the use of natural gas for fuel. I again thought of getting another stove, but the gas men advised me not to. They said the gas we were getting . . . contained so much suplhurated hydrogen that it would eat up an ordinary stove in a few years. That this old stove was so much heavier that it would stand the gas better than any stove I could buy. So it's still on the job.

.

"In conclusion, will say that if any of the McClary Manufacturing Company wish to drop in at any time to look over this old stove, they will always find the latch string on the sunny side."

Some of our people did go to call upon Mr. Goulet, and did indeed find the latch string on the sunny side of the door. And they brought back the picture of this patriarch of kitchen service that we are able to give you, above.

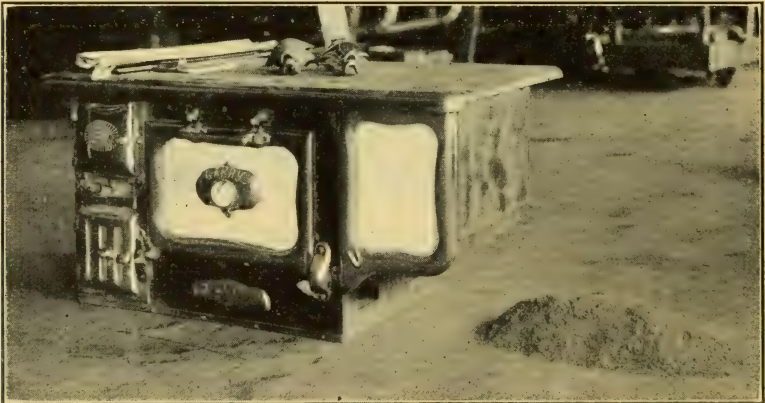
SOMETHING WRONG? YOU BET THERE IS



FEW weeks since there was sent back to our Foundry a Range that wouldn't work. There was no argument about it; it simply wouldn't work, the owner said. Something the matter with it.

Oh yes, it had worked all right at one time; but there was something wrong with it now.

So it came back to us. And quite unquestionably there was something the matter with it. The accompanying picture will show you what, giving as it does an excellent idea of the size of the heap of soot and ash that we cleaned out of that poor, neglected range's innards. After that it heated and cooked and baked quite normally again, and we sent it back to another ten or twenty years of diligent usefulness.



The Range that wouldn't work

Again. A few days ago one of our salesmen told us of a man he met on his territory in the west, whose range wouldn't work. There was something the matter with it.

Admittedly, he had had it ten years, and a not too-sympathetic probing brought out the fact that it had always operated entirely to the user's satisfaction in other years. But never mind that. It wouldn't work now, and therefore there was something wrong with it—the inference plainly being that there had been something wrong in its manufacture in the first place that had only now come to light.

How long was it since it had ceased to operate satisfactorily?

Oh, about last April.

Uh, huh. And he said he had a furnace connected to the same flue?

Yes.

And they both worked satisfactorily all winter?

Yes. Both did splendidly.

And he had had somebody else in to see if they could locate the trouble?

Yes. Had a couple of experts in; but they couldn't find the trouble. Something wrong with the range.

And how long had he had the furnace?

Just had it put in last fall.

And when had he let it out?

Oh, he didn't know exactly. Sometime in April he thought.

Yes. . . . Well, let's go down and see the furnace.

So they went down and saw the furnace. Saw it standing with all its doors and dampers wide open so that a good circulation of air would keep it dry and clean during the summer's disuse.

Meantime, that great volume of air was being sucked up through the chimney, completely cutting off the draft of the kitchen range.

Stoves and ranges, dear readers, are built upon certain exhaustively tested designs; they are built each one exactly like all others of its kind, and tested and inspected and reinspected as they go through the processes of manufacture, assembly and mounting in our shops. And when there are hundreds, even thousands, of a certain high-class, popular range in use, and giving a satisfaction that brings unsolicited praise from its users, it is only reasonable, where there is one instance of dissatisfaction, to first seek the cause of it outside the range itself.

Birds build their nests in chimneys; trees overhang them and stop their draft; other opposing flues are left open; accumulations of soot and scale clog up the pipes or rust them into a lacework of tiny holes. These are only two or three of the most ordinary of the many, many things, quite outside the range itself, that may operate against its usefulness, and, to the unthinking, give it a bad name.

It seems to us no less your, the merchant's, business than ours to endeavor to make people realize that a range isn't a mere block of cast iron that in some mysterious fashion harbors a fire and gets hot enough to bake bread and broil beefsteak. One of the impossibilities of the natural world is a fire—combustion—without air. And for this reason every stove and range made has the equivalent of a highly intelligent system of bronchial tubes and lungs and things. And, moreover, has got to have them kept clean and correctly valved, if we may so express it, if it is to give the degree of efficient, economical, satisfying service that has been built into it.

Let them "treat 'em rough" if they feel they have to; most stoves are built to stand more abuse than the average person should ever feel it necessary to give them. But try to teach your customers not to neglect their ranges. Because this is something the effects of which cannot be entirely overcome in their design or building by any means whatever. And in most cases this, the user's neglect, is the only thing that is the trouble when he rises up from a half-cooked and wholly spoiled dinner and bursts in upon you with the enraged statement that that range you sold him so long ago has gone off the job—that "there's something wrong with it."

When a customer, unthinking, uncaring, comes to you with a statement that a range that has given him service for two or five or ten years has suddenly developed a complete incapacity for its work, and you agree with him that there's probably something wrong with it—"something wrong?" We'll say there is.

THANK GOD FOR FOOLS



HANK God for fools—for men who dare to dream

Beyond the lean horizon of their days;
Men not too timid to pursue the gleam
To unguessed lands of wonder and amaze

Thank God for fools. The trails that ring the world
Are dark with blood and sweat where they have passed.
Theirs are the flags on every crag unfurled;
Theirs—ashes and oblivion at last.

Blundering, fumbling up the frowning years;
Stumbling through deeps too foul for moon or star;
Hearing—and heeding not—the scoffs, the jeers;
Falling at last while yet the goal was far.

Poor ragamuffin heroes, doomed to fail,
And leave their bones beneath ironic skies,
They never knew their wandering blazed the trail,
Their blunders taught their wisdom to the wise!

Thank God for fools—absurd and blind and great.
We rear our temples on the stones they laid.
Ours is the prize their tired souls might not wait;
Theirs—the high requiem of the unafraid

—Ted Olson, in *Forbes Magazine*, (N.Y.)



The Public Are Being Educated

to the use of enameled cooking utensils. Forceful advertising by enameled ware manufacturers is bringing the logical results. Join in the good work. Aid the written word. Talk up the manifest advantages of the "Clean Ware" and show a wholesome display of

McClary's Enameled Cooking Utensils

Here are everyday necessities, staple articles that little reminders will do much in selling more. There is quick turnover and a good margin of profit. Make your customers thoroughly acquainted with your stock and tell them of the

*smooth impenetrable surface
glossy immaculate finish
sanitary, easy washable interior
economical outlay, and
beautifully attractive appearance.*

See that your assortment is varied enough to suit all possible demands.



LINKING UP WITH THE NATIONAL ADVERTISER



The accompanying illustrations serve to show how one of our enterprising dealers, Mr. T. Winters of 103 King Street East, Kitchener, links up his store with nationally advertised products. His effective store displays and local publicity have brought excellent results.

DINNER TO MISS MARGARET WADE



ON Friday evening, August 25th, the Staff of the Head Office and Factory Managers assembled at the Bungalow Tea House, Springbank Park, to wish "God Speed" to Miss Margaret Wade on the partial severance of her connection with the Company and her departure for Windsor. Following a delightful dinner, Col. W. M. Gartshore proposed the toast to the guest "Her Health" and prefaced his remarks with a reference to Miss Wade's business career with the Company. He went on to say that while Miss Wade's personality and ability had been the outstanding factor in the success of our house magazine, "Wireless" had also give her the opportunity to find herself and develop her talents. In referring to her departure, Col. Gartshore stated that he felt the future held open a much wider field of opportunity and expressed the hope that her health would enable her to take full advantage of it.

Mr. J. K. H. Pope, Secretary of the Company, on behalf of the office Staff, Salesmen of London, the Factory Managers and Branch Managers from St. John, N. B., to Vancouver, presented Miss Wade with a gold wrist watch and dictionary. Miss Wade made a brief and witty acknowledgment. The dinner was enlivened with song singing led by Mr. W. B. Pope, with Miss Valma Dale at the piano. As the guests of Colonel Gartshore, the entire party attended Allen's Theatre afterwards and enjoyed an interesting performance.



WELFARE PICNIC

SUCCESS in the highest possible measure featured the annual outing of the members of McClary's Welfare Fund Association, held at Springbank Saturday, August 12th.

Approximately one thousand people were in attendance to participate in the sports, and the capable committees which were in charge of the picnic saw to it that arrangements were such that enjoyment was provided for every one who made the trip.

A huge refreshment tent on the grounds was a great source of pleasure for the youngsters and fathers and mothers as well were not loath to bestow their patronage upon it.

One of the "big features" was the ball game between the married ladies and the single, in which after a long and strenuous struggle the single ladies emerged victorious with a score of 14 to 4. The winning team were captained by Miss Susie Harris.

The record for the day in the ball-throwing contest was established by Miss Alice Noble, who was an easy victor over all-comers, with a distance of 130 feet.

A chicken apiece to the winners was the result of a novel "chicken race," which was a feature of the racing events. Mrs. Tagg, Mrs. P. Swan and Mrs. Mathers were the three lucky participants.

Winners of the Baby Show.

Baby Hobbs—362 Hamilton Road.

Baby Geddes—139 Delaware Ave.

In other sporting events, the following were the results:

Boys, 7 to 8 years—Willie Trehuba, Jack Oates, Cliff Sinclair.

Girls, 7 to 8 years—Ellen Reid, Alice Brash, Joan Hickman.

Boys, 9 to 10 years—Jimmie Brash, Cecil Prince, Clayton Mathews.

Girls, 9 to 10 years—Alice Munroe, Marjorie Quayle, Gladys Brown.

Boys, 11 to 12 years—Jack Dodds, Stan Tickman, Fred Bruce.

Girls, 11 to 12 years—Helen Cartridge, Edith Hill, Helen Hull.

Single Ladies' race—Miss L. Scott, Dorothy Scott, Jane Topping.

Single Men's race—P. Gorman, H. Fox, George Holmes.

Balloon race—Miss Susie Harris.

Peanut race—Mrs. C. Pope.

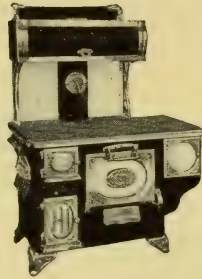
Obstacle race—L. Hooper, P. Lethbridge, H. Watkins.

Catch the Peanut race—Mrs. Miller.

Walking race—Miss Susie Harris.

Watermelon race—Mrs. Ommette.

Boot and Shoe race—C. Phillis, J. B. Geddes, C. Hobbs.



Don't Let The Buyers Decide

You decide for them, then make them perfectly satisfied with the sale by selling them either a

McClary's

Pandora or Kootenay Range

It matters little which, for they are both in the front rank for quality and their reputation carries its own guarantee.

If its a good quality coal range your customer needs, talk to her about the best you have—en-

durance, good sized oven, reservoir, water front, broiler door, correctly proportioned firebox, easy clean out, large sized ash pan, the very best materials and workmanship, they are all a part of these two leading ranges.

There are many other persuasive selling features that will help to convince.

Its the big range that brings the big profits.

DON'T APPRAISE



OW many times has it been said to the retail store clerk, think you; and because he still fails to really grasp its significance, how many times yet must it be repeated:

Do not estimate your prospective customer's purchasing power by the cut of his coat, or the sophistication, or lack of it, in his manner.

Apropos of this subject there is a very well known story told of one rainy day when Mrs. Andrew Carnegie went shopping. Some of the store's officials had seized the opportunity of its brief lull in trade to be absent; and the group of clerks who were eagerly discussing what were to them pleasanter affairs than business, paid no attention to the unassuming, inconspicuously-dressed little woman who didn't look as if she had enough money to spend to make worth while any very special effort in courtesy.

All of them thought this except one, that is. In that group there was a clerk, a junior, to whom this point of view had never occurred. And much to the relief of his fellows, he went forward and waited upon the customer. Of course—as they could have told him!—it was useless; he showed her many things in which she was interested, spent a lot of time and personal effort in pleasing her. But he made no sale.

A few days later, however, the same quiet little lady came again. And being recognized for who she was this time by one of the floor-walkers, was immediately the object of the most flattering and solicitous attention. But from him she would have none of it. No one could serve her then but the courteous young man who had been pleasant and helpful to a modest stranger on a forgotten rainy day.

That story is well known and possibly is generally discounted by its hearer as being exceptional.

If so to you, then let us tell you a true incident that happened in our own city, not so very long ago.

An old, rough-looking farmer, clad in his working clothes, came into a certain firm's piano warerooms and said he wanted to look at pianos. The sprightly and self-assured young salesman who had come up to him didn't ask what sort of a piano he had thought of, but drawing his own conclusions from the man's appearance, began showing him the cheapest instruments they handled.

The farmer didn't seem at all interested in these, and the salesman half-heartedly marshalled his selling talk against him; only half-heartedly, though, because he had a sort of notion that this old codger would never buy a piano anyhow.

Did they have something better? the old codger finally found a pause to ask.

Oh my, yes. And the salesman showed him others costing a hundred and fifty or two hundred dollars more than the first ones. Still he didn't seem impressed.

Again the salesman raised the ante, and showed him something really good, something around six or seven hundred dollars.

"Have you got one of these pianos that plays itself," the man asked at length; "and if you have, what's the price?"

Yes, they had. The price was eight hundred and fifty dollars. He would look at that.

He looked at it briefly. Then he explained that he had a daughter who was being married, to whom he wished to give a piano as a wedding gift; and he thought he'd like to give one just like it to the other daughter who was remaining at home. He would take two of these. And how soon could they be delivered?

The salesman nearly passed out, from sheer shock. But his ears had not tricked him and the sale was a thoroughly genuine one.

And yet it does not even seem sufficient to us that one should be equally courteous to the poorly dressed or the richly dressed, to the unassuming or the haughty and pompous, merely for the sake of the fact that it is good business.

He who is courteous only as a business proposition is bound, sometime, to make a slip, a miscalculation.

But he who is courteous because it is the decent thing to do, because he loves people and enjoys them—there is no danger of his ever forgetting, or neglecting. And he will never be at a loss for custom.

Don't appraise your prospect Serve him.

QUIT THEM.

If you want to win, quit doing the things that queer you. Quit your sloppy, slovenly way of doing things. Quit dawdling, quit your lazy habits; quit slouching, quit walking around as if you were a failure, as if your life had been a great disappointment. Quit growling, quit grumbling, quit finding fault with your fate, telling everybody that luck is against you, that you haven't had a fair chance, that you had nobody to push you or to pull you. Get rid of the things that are trying to down you. Get rid of all your black pictures and all predictions of your failure. These are all holding you back like great weights tied to a racer. You can't win if you are handicapped with dead weights.—New Success.

It's Furnace Time Soon

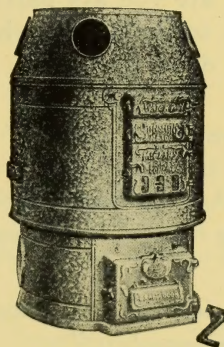
Are You Busy Now?

Get your prospects to decide NOW, before the actual cold weather sets in. Help yourself by doing a little extra selling talk. You need time to make a good job and other years have probably found you rushed at the first real cold snap. Stimulate all your Furnace prospects by a good strong letter or a personal visit. It's high time they provided for the cold freezing biting winter winds.

McClary's

Sunshine Warm-Air Furnace

The Sunshine warm air Furnace is the Furnace with the ever steady flow of warmed humidified air when the blustering nor' easter blows. This is the Furnace that has pleased other customers of yours.



You can get it in the regular pipe style, or one register (pipeless), or the three smaller sizes in the new duplex register one-pipe pattern. If soft coal is the fuel most in use you can strongly endorse the "Sofco Sunshine", the Furnace that is all cast iron.

McClary's Sunshine Furnace for every basement should be your slogan.

FLASHES OF WIT AND HUMOR



STOUT, baggage-laden, old English gentleman was trying to make a hurried exit from a railway carriage. At the door he stumbled on the foot of a brawny Scot. "Hoots, toots, mon!" growled the Highlander. "Canna ye look whaur y're going? Hoot, mon, hoot!"

The burdened traveller slammed the door behind him and shouted through the window:

"Hoot yourself! I'm a traveller, not an automobile!"

A man who believed he knew all about parrots undertook to teach what he thought to be a young, mute bird, to say "Hello" in one lesson. Going up to its cage, he repeated that word in a clear voice for several minutes, the parrot paying not the slightest attention.

After a considerable time the man apparently realized his defeat, and gave up the attempt.

At the final "Hello!" the bird opened one eye, gazed at his would-be teacher, and snapped out, "Line's busy!"

Wife (as the car splutters and stops): "What's the matter now?"

Hubby: "Engine's missing."

Wife: "Well for the love of Pete walk back and find it."

Tubb: "What good are you ata party?"

Chubb: "I can talk to the people who can't sing and want to sing, and keep 'em from doin' it."

"Shay, offisher, where'sh the corner?"

"You're standing on it."

"Oh, Sh' shorry." And he began, slowly, and with great caution to move his offending feet. "'Sno wonder I couldn't find it."

"In time of trial," cried the impassioned preacher, "what is it that brings us the greatest comfort."

"An acquittal," shouted the ragged individual of much experience, who should never have been admitted.

Grocer: "What was the matter with the eggs I sent?"

Cook: "Too small for their age."



TRADE may go exploring, or a-junketing along the winding tributaries, or down the lost trails of cheapness, or novelty, or exaggerated worth.

But sooner or later it will always come home agin with glad eagerness, to the wide doorsteps and the open chambers, clean and high and light, of quality and service and permanent satisfaction.

This is the fundamental reason why, for seventy-five years, we—McClary's—have enjoyed a steadfast and steadily growing trade.


McClary's

Who Make Good Stoves and Cooking Utensils.

London	Toronto	Montreal	Winnipeg
Vancouver	St. John, N.B.	Hamilton	
Saskatoon	Calgary	Edmonton	

CANADA

“THE TROUBLE WAS SIMPLY—”

“E the Kootenay which I bought from
———here, and concerning which
I was in to see you, I want to say that
it is now working in an enimently satis-
factory manner.

“The trouble was simply that the grates were
upside down—a small thing, and yet sufficient to
seriously impair the cooking qualities of this splendid
stove.

“Will you please hasten the shipment of the
———.”

Portion of a letter written our
Toronto house, a little time
ago, and now on our files.

